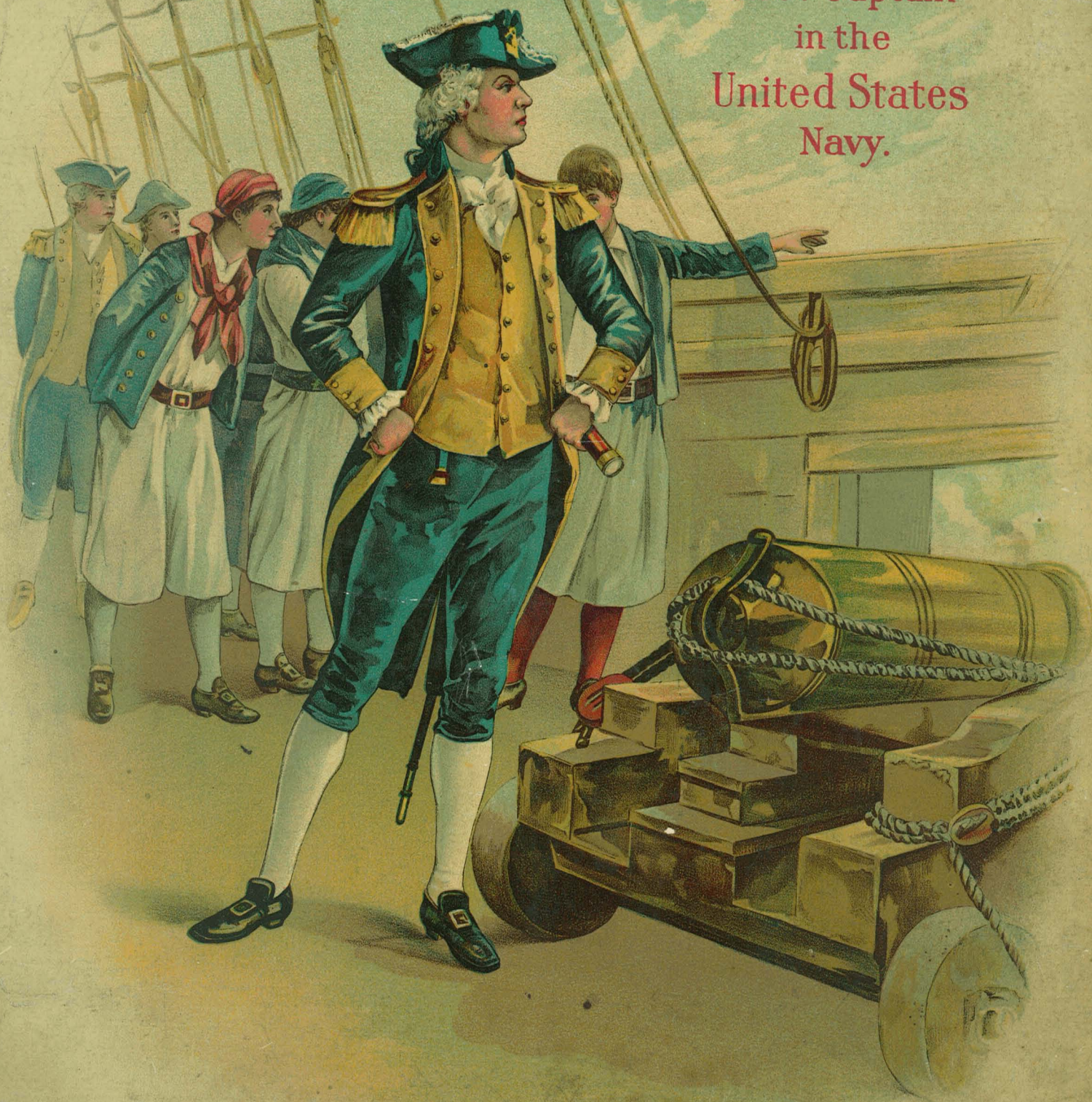


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The Entertaining  
History of *John Paul Jones.*

First Captain  
in the  
United States  
Navy.





# THE ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES,

First Captain in the United States Navy.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Scotland a poor gardener, who had a little son. The gardener's name was John Paul; that was his son's name, too. The rich man's garden that big John took care of was close by the sea, and little John Paul loved blue water so much that he spent most of his time near it, and longed to be a sailor.

This blue water that little John Paul loved was the big bay that lies between Scotland and England. It is called Solway Firth.

When little John Paul was born, on the sixth day of July, in the year 1747, both far-away Scotland, in which he lived, and this land of America, in which you live, were ruled by the King of England.

The gardener's little son lived in his father's cottage near the sea until he was twelve years old. Then he was put to work in a big town, on the other side of the Solway Firth. This town was called Whitehaven. It was a very busy place, and ships and sailors were there so much and in such numbers that this small boy, who had been put into a store, much preferred to go down to the docks and talk with the seamen, who had been in so many different lands and seas, and who could tell him all about the wonderful and curious places they had seen, and about their adventures on the great oceans they had sailed over.

He determined to go to sea. He studied all about ships and how to sail them. He studied and read all the books he could get, and, when other boys were asleep or in mischief, little John Paul was learning from the books he read many things that helped him when he grew older.

At last he had his wish. When he was but thirteen years old, he went as a sailor boy in a ship called the "Friendship."



The vessel was bound to Virginia, in America, for a cargo of tobacco, and the little sailor boy greatly enjoyed the voyage, and was especially delighted with the new country across the sea, to which he came. He wished he could live in America, and hoped some day to go there again.

But when this first voyage was over, he returned to Whitehaven, and to the store, where he worked. But, soon after, the merchant who owned the store failed in business, and the boy was out of a place and had to look after himself.



So he became a real sailor, this time. For thirteen years he was a sailor. He was such a good one that before he was twenty years old he was a captain. This is how he became one. While the ship in which he was sailing was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrible fever broke out. The captain died. The mate, who comes next to the captain, died; all of the sailors were sick, and some of them died. There was no one who knew about sailing such a big vessel, except young John Paul. So he took command, and sailed the ship into



port without an accident, and the owners were so glad that they made the young sailor a sea captain.

John Paul had a brother living in Virginia, on the banks of the Rappahannock River. This was the same river beside which George Washington lived when he was a boy. John Paul visited his brother several times while he was sailing on his voyages, and he liked the country so much that, when his brother died, John Paul gave up being a sailor for a while, and went to live on his brother's farm.

When he became a farmer, he changed his name to Jones. And so little John Paul became known ever after, to all the world, as John Paul Jones.

While he was a farmer in Virginia, the American Revolution broke out. I have told you about this in the story of General George Washington, who led the armies of the United States to victory.

John Paul Jones was a sailor even more than he was a farmer. So, when war came, he wished to fight the British on the sea. This was a bold thing to do, for there was no nation so powerful on the sea as England. The king had a splendid lot of ships of war—almost a thousand. The United States had none. But John Paul Jones said we must have one.

Pretty soon the Americans got together five little ships, and sent them out as the beginning of the American navy, to fight the thousand ships of England.

John Paul Jones was made first lieutenant of a ship called the Alfred. The first thing he did was to hoist, for the first time on any ship, the first American flag. This flag had thirteen red and white stripes, but, instead of the stars that are now on the flag, it had a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled around it, and underneath were the words: "Don't tread on me!"

The British sea captains who did try to tread on that rattlesnake flag were terribly bitten, for John Paul Jones was a brave man and a bold sailor. When he was given command of a little war sloop, called the Providence, he just kept those British captains so busy trying to catch him that they could not get any rest. He darted up and down Long Island Sound, carrying soldiers and guns and food to General Washington, and, although one great British war ship, the Cerberus, tried for weeks to catch him, it had to give up the chase, for John Paul





Paul Jones and the first American Flag.



Jones couldn't be caught. For all this good work, this bold sailor was made Captain Jones, of the United States Navy, and it is said that he was the first captain made by Congress.



*PAUL JONES' MEN AT SEA.*



He sailed up and down the coast, hunting for British vessels. He hunted so well that in one cruise of six weeks he captured sixteen vessels, or "prizes," as they were called, and destroyed many others. Among these was one large vessel, loaded with new warm clothing for the British army. Captain Jones sent the vessel and its whole cargo safely into port, and the captured clothes were all sent to the American camp, and were worn by Washington's ragged soldiers.

The next year Captain Jones sailed away to France in a fine new ship called the *Ranger*. Before he sailed out of Portsmouth Harbor, in New Hampshire, he "ran up" to the mast head of the *Ranger* the first "Stars and Stripes" ever raised over a ship—Washington's real American flag, with its thirteen stripes and its thirteen stars.

He went to France and had a talk with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the great American who got France to help the United States in the Revolution. Then, after he had sailed through the whole French fleet, and made them all fire a salute to the American flag—it was the first salute ever given it by a foreign nation—he steered away for the shores of England, and so worried the captains and sailors and storekeepers and people of England that they would have given anything to catch him. But they couldn't.

The English king and people had not supposed the Americans would fight. Especially, they did not believe they would dare to fight the English on the sea, for England was the strongest country in the world in ships and sailors. So they despised and made fun of "Yankee sailors," as they called the Americans. But when Captain John Paul Jones came sailing in his fine ship, the *Ranger*, up and down the coasts of England, going right into English harbors, capturing English villages and burning English ships, the people began to think differently.

They called Captain Jones a "pirate," and all sorts of hard names. But they were very much afraid of him and his stout ship. He was not a pirate, either. For a pirate is a bold, bad sea robber, who burns ships and kills sailors just to get the money himself. But John Paul Jones attacked ships and captured sailors, not for selfish money-getting, but to show how much Americans

could do, and to break the power of the English navy on the seas. So, this voyage of his, along the shores of England, taught the Englishmen to respect and fear the American sailors.

After he had captured many British vessels, called "prizes," almost in sight of their homes, he boldly sailed to the north and into the very port of White-



*JONES APPROACHING WHITEHAVEN, EARLY MORNING.*

haven, where he had "tended store," as a boy, and from which he had first gone to sea. He knew the place, of course. He knew how many vessels were there, and what a splendid victory he could win for the American navy, if he could sail into Whitehaven Harbor and capture or destroy the two hundred vessels that were anchored within sight of the town he remembered so well.

With two row-boats and thirty men he landed at Whitehaven, locked up





Paul Jones' ship "The Ranger."



the soldiers in the forts, fixed the cannon so that they could not be fired, set fire to the vessels that were in the harbor, and so frightened all the people that, though the gardener's son stood alone on the wharf, waiting for a boat to take him off, not a man dared to lay a hand on him.

Then he sailed across the bay to the house of the great lord for whom his father had worked as a gardener. He meant to run away with this great man, and keep him prisoner until the British promised to treat better the Americans whom they had taken prisoners. But the great lord whom he went for found it best to be "not at home," so all that Captain Jones' men could do was to carry off from the big house some of the fine things that were in it. But Captain Jones did not like this; so he got the things back and returned them to the rich lord's wife, with a nice letter, asking her to excuse his men.

But while he was carrying on so in Solway Firth, along came a great British warship, called the Drake, determined to gobble up poor Captain Jones at a mouthful. But Captain Jones was not afraid. This was just what he was looking for. "Come on!" he cried; "I'm waiting for you."

The British ship dashed up to capture him, but the Ranger was all ready, and in just one hour Captain Jones had beaten and captured the English frigate, and then, with both vessels, sailed merrily away to the friendly French shores.

Soon after this, the French decided to help the Americans in their war for independence. So, after some time, Captain Jones was put in command of five ships, and back he sailed to England, to fight the British ships again.

The vessel in which Captain Jones sailed was the biggest of the five ships. It had forty guns and a crew of three hundred sailors. Captain Jones thought so much of the great Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who wrote a book of good advice, under the name of "Poor Richard," that he named his big ship for Dr. Franklin. He called it the "Bon Homme Richard," which is French for "good man Richard." The Bon Homme Richard was not a good boat, if it was a big one. It was old and rotten and cranky, but Captain Jones made the best of it.

The little fleet sailed up and down the English coasts, capturing a few prizes, and greatly frightening the people by saying that they had come to burn some of the big English sea towns.



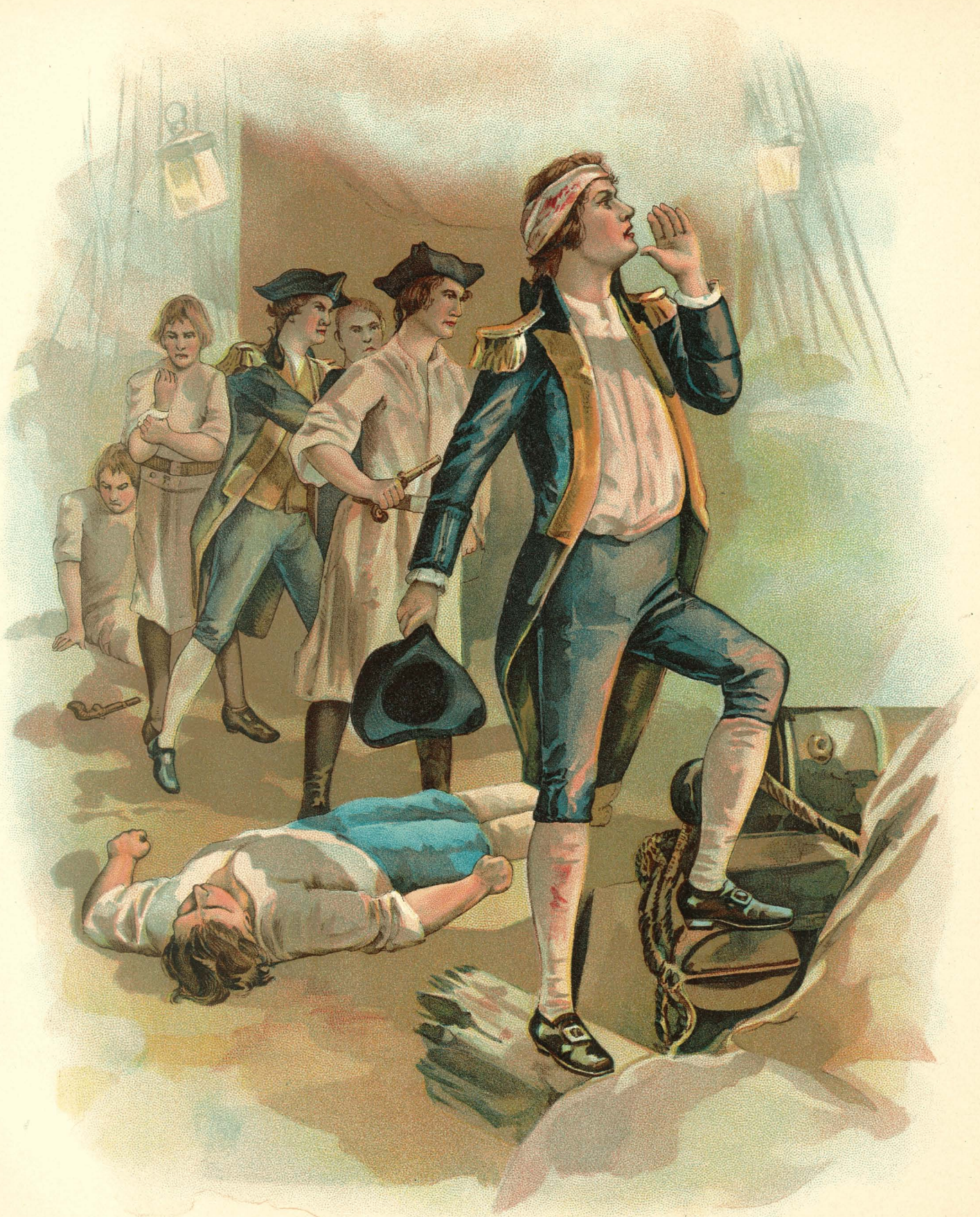
Then, just as they were about sailing back to France, they came—near an English cape, called Flamborough Head—upon a great English fleet of forty merchant vessels and two war ships.



*JONES' MEN ASHORE—WHITEHAVEN.*

One of the war ships was a great English frigate, called the *Serapis*, finer and stronger every way than the *Bon Homme Richard*. But Captain Jones would not run away.





The Night Attack.



"What ship is that?" called out the Englishman. "Come a little nearer, and we'll tell you," answered plucky Captain Jones.

The British ships did come a little nearer. The forty merchant vessels sailed as fast as they could to the nearest harbor, and then the war ships had a terrible sea fight.

At seven o'clock in the evening the British frigate and the Bon Homme Richard began to fight. They banged and hammered away for hours, and then, when the British captain thought he must have beaten and broken the Americans, and it was so dark and smoky that they could only see each other by the fire flashes, the British captain, Pearson, called out to the American captain: "Are you beaten? Have you hauled down your flag?"

And back came the answer of Captain John Paul Jones: "I haven't begun to fight yet!"

So they went at it again. The two ships were now lashed together, and they tore each other like savage dogs in a terrible fight. O, it was dreadful!

At last, when the poor old Richard was shot through and through, and leaking and on fire, and seemed ready to sink, Captain Jones made one last effort. It was successful. Down came the great mast of the Serapis, crashing to the deck. Then her guns were quiet; her flag came tumbling down, as a sign that she gave in.

At once, Captain Jones sent some of his sailors aboard the defeated Serapis. The captured vessel was a splendid new frigate, quite a different ship from the poor, old, worm-eaten and worn out Richard.

One of the American sailors went up to Captain Pearson, the British commander, and asked him if he surrendered. The Englishman replied that he had, and then he and his chief officer went aboard the battered Richard, which was sinking even in its hour of victory.

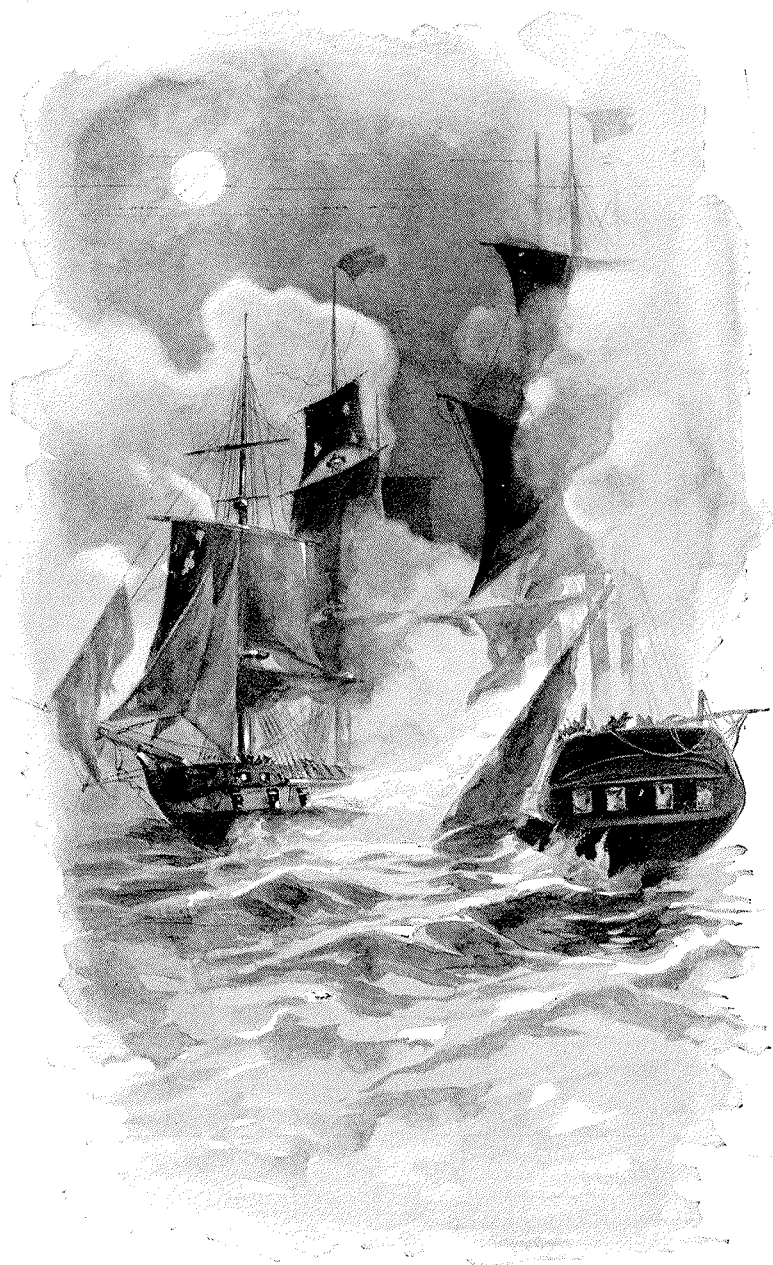
But Captain Jones stood on the deck of his sinking vessel, proud and triumphant. He had shown what an American captain and American sailors could do, even when everything was against them. The English captain gave up his sword to the American, which is the way all sailors and soldiers do when they surrender their ships or their armies.

The fight had been a brave one, and the English King knew that his captain had made a bold and desperate resistance, even if he had been whipped. So he rewarded Captain Pearson, when he at last returned to England, by giving to him the title of "Sir," and when Captain Jones heard of it he laughed, and said: "Well, if I can meet Captain Pearson again in a sea fight, I'll make a 'lord' of him." For a "lord" is a higher title than "sir."

The poor Bon Homme Richard was shot through and through, and soon sunk beneath the waves. But, even as she went down, the stars and stripes floated proudly from the mast-head, in token of victory.

Captain Jones, after the surrender, put all his men aboard the captured Serapis, and then off he sailed to the nearest friendly port, with his great prize and all his prisoners. This victory made him the greatest sailor in the whole American war.

The Dutch port into which he sailed was not friendly to America, but



*JONES' FIGHT BETWEEN BON HOMME RICHARD  
AND SERAPIS.*



Captain Jones had made his name so famous as a sea fighter, that neither the thirteen Dutch frigates inside the harbor, nor the twelve British ships outside, dared to touch him, and, after a while—when he got good and ready—Captain Jones ran the stars and stripes to the masthead and, while the wind was blowing a gale, sailed out of the harbor, right through two big British fleets, and so sailed safely to France, with no one bold enough to attack him.

He had made a great record as a sailor and sea fighter. France was on America's side in the Revolution, you know, and when Captain Jones went to France after his great victory, he was received with great honor.

Everybody wished to see such a hero. He went to the king's court, and the king and queen and all the French lords and ladies made much of him and gave him fine receptions, and said so many fine things about him that, if he had been at all vain, it might have "turned his head," as people say. But John Paul Jones was not vain.

He was a brave sailor, and he was in France to get help and not compliments. He wished a new ship to take the place of the old *Richard*, which had gone to the bottom after its great victory.

So, though the King of France honored him and received him splendidly and made him presents, he kept on working to get another ship. At last, he was made captain of a new ship, called the *Ariel*, and sailed from France. He had a fierce battle with an English ship called the *Triumph*, and defeated her. But she escaped before surrendering, and Captain Jones sailed across the sea to America.

He was received with great honor and applause. Congress gave him a vote of thanks "for the zeal, prudence and intrepidity with which he had supported the honor of the American flag"—that is what the vote said.

People everywhere crowded to see him, and called him hero and conqueror. Lafayette, the brave young Frenchman, you know, who came over to fight for America, called him "my dear Paul Jones," and Washington and the other leaders in America said, "Well done, Captain Jones!"

The King of France sent him a splendid reward of merit called the "Cross of Honor," and Congress set about building a fine ship for him to command.





Paul Jones at the French Court.



But before it was finished, the war was over, and he was sent back to France on some important business for the United States.

After he had done this, the Russians asked him to come and help them fight the Turks.

This was often done in those days, when soldiers and sailors of one country went to fight in the armies or navies of another.

Captain Jones said he would be willing to go, if the United States said he could, for, he said: "I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States."

The United States said he could go to Russia, but the British officers who were fighting for Russia, refused to serve under Jones, because, as they said, he was a rebel, a pirate and a traitor. You see, they had not forgiven him for so beating and frightening the English ships and people in the Revolution.

And they called him these names because he, born in Scotland, had fought for America.



*BRITISH CAPTAIN SURRENDERING SWORD.*

They made it very unpleasant for Captain Jones, and he had so hard a time in Russia that, after many wonderful adventures and much hard fighting, at last he gave up, and went back to France.

He was taken sick soon after he returned to France, and, though he tried to fight against it, he could not recover. He had gone through so many hardships and adventures and changes that he was old before his time, and although his friends tried to help him and the Queen of France sent her own doctor to attend him, it was no use.

He died on the eighteenth day of July, in the year 1792, when he was but forty-five years old. He was buried in Paris, with great honor.

The French people gave him a great funeral, as their token of respect and honor, and the French clergyman who gave the funeral oration said: "May his example teach posterity the efforts which noble souls are capable of making when stimulated by hatred to oppression."

John Paul Jones was a brave and gallant man. He fought desperately, and war is a dreadful thing, you know. But, as I have told you, sometimes it has to be, and then it must be bold and determined. Captain Jones did much by his dash and courage to make America free. He gave her strength and power on the seas.

He fought twenty-three naval battles, made seven attacks upon English ports and coasts, fought and captured four great war ships, larger than his own, and took many valuable prizes—to the loss of England and the glory of America.

American boys and girls know too little about him. If you are to learn about those who have fought for America on land and sea, you must surely hear of him who was the first captain in the United States Navy—and whose brave deeds and noble heroism is the heritage and example of American sailors for all time.

"I have ever looked out for the honor of the American flag," he said, and Americans are just beginning to see how much this first of American sailors did for their liberty, their honor and their fame.

Some day they will know him still more, and in one of the great cities of



this land which he saved from destruction in those early days, a noble statue will be built to do honor to Captain John Paul Jones—the man who was one of the bravest and most successful sea fighters in the history of the world.



*JOHN PAUL JONES' DEATH.*

